HELEN KELLER WARNS AGAINST PREPAREDNESS

Calls Colonel Roosevelt and Others Urging Increase in Army and Navy Nothing but Lunatics.

Carnegie Hall in New York City was packed to the doors to hear comrade Helen Keller, the wonderful blind and deaf girl, in many ways quite the most remarkable woman in the world, give out her warning message against the war madness now being fomented by the enemies of America, says the National Rip-Saw.

Here are gems culled from her talk:

"Yes, we are at the mercy of European and Asiatic enemies. We haven't a thing to protect us but the Atlantic ocean on one side and the Pacific on the other.

"If this war has proved one thing in warfare more than another it is the impossibility of transferring invading armies by ships. With full control of the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea the allies could not land enough men to defeat the Turks at Gallipoli. And then they failed again to land an army at Saloniki in time to check the Bulgarian invasion of Serbia. The conquest of America by water is a nightmare confined exclusively to war-mad lunatics like Colonel Roosevelt and the Navy League.

"If the Mikado ever proposed to invade our country, though he commandeered every Japanese craft, he could not possibly land more than 40,000 men; then it would take him six weeks to go back for another load. Should Germany by some miracle advance to first place among the nations of the earth and attempt the same thing she could do but little better than Japan. It occurs to my feminine mind that if we could not without any increase take care of 40,000 Japs on the Pacific Coast and the same number of Germans on the Atlantic coast and save the country we would not be worth saving.

"There is only one thing in this world worth fighting for and that is freedom, liberty.

"The Germans might sink every vessel on the Atlantic ocean and kill Americans in every one and still the American working man would have no cause to go to war.

"The workers know they have no enemy to fight except their economic masters.

"Strike against preparedness that means death and misery to millions of human misery to millions of human beings. Be not dumb, obedient slaves in an army of destruction. Be heroes in an army of construction!"

R. A. CROTHERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Jarr Family

BY ROY L. McCARDELL

MR. JARR HAS THE GRIP AND EVERYBODY HAS A REMEDY FOR IT.

"HERE I'm lying burning up with fever, and I'll bet you a dollar the cold, unthinking world outside is putting in a ton of coal and don't care a——"

Mr. Jarr did not get to finish this remark, because Mrs. Jarr took advantage of him having his mouth open to lodge a very dry powder deftly on his tonsils. The powder was so extremely absorbent of moisture that even Mr. Jarr "dried up" for the time being.

He sputtered and gasped a moment, and Mrs. Jarr, with calm unconcern, dumped half a glass of water down his throat, and the powder, dry and acrid to the last, was washed down Mr. Jarr.

"I was saying," resumed Mr. Jarr, "the cold, unthinking world outside is putting in a ton of coal"—this metaphor undoubtedly came to his mind because the Stryvers, the well-to-do family in the private house down the street, rattled in their coal in ten-ton lots in an ostentatious and offensive manner and had been doing this all morning.

Mrs. Jarr moved around the sick-room as all women do—calm, dominating and attending to the patient as if he were a piece of machinery.

Mr. Jarr had had a sudden attack of grip and tonsilitis that had him tossing feverishly and semi-delirious all night.

"What were you saying, dear?" she asked mechanically.

"I said the world outside was putting in a ton of coal, and here you are puttnig in a ton of ashes," Mr. Jarr's mind was still on the powder, and some of this, as dry as ever, was still on his tongue.

"The doctor says you're to take these little tablets, two of them every twenty minutes. They are calomel, I suppose, and they'll do you good; and the powder every twenty minutes. That's for your stomach."

"And I'm not at my work, and nobody thinks of me and nobody cares a——"

Mr. Jarr was afraid to go further, fearing another powder, but he knew what he meant when he meant it.

Seeing Mrs. Jarr was not looking, he put out one fevered foot from